

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

A RISE IN LIFE

By Peter Davis

A LONDON engineering firm has just built to special order one of the world's strangest lifts.

It will be like a miniature mountain railway, and will run up and down the main staircase of a rajah's palace in India, with a footway on either side.

A New York firm wants to install lifts in every home in the next ten years, and has just launched a grand-scale advertising campaign to prove how "inconvenient" even a single flight of stairs can be to children or old folk.

We've gone a long way from the dead lift days when Henry VIII, when lazy or drunk, had to be hoisted from one floor to another by rope and pulley.

To-day, 600 feet a minute sounds a skyscraper speed to the uninitiated, but faster than that are the lifts at Goodge Street, London's fastest.

There is no attendant, the doors are automatic and worked by a distant time control, and a robot attendant's voice, recorded on sound tape, tells you to "Mind the doors, please!"

It used to be "Mind the step, please!" But the newest lifts automatically stop level. Some actually travel at 1,200 feet a minute.

You can check your stopwatch on the Empire State building express lift, flashing 1,200 feet past 100 floors in that time.

On the other hand, the lift in Westminster Cathedral tower (284 feet) offers one of

the longest vertical journeys in London.

A lift in the tower of the Ministry of Information building in Bloomsbury (210 feet, with 22 floors) is a runner-up!

Vertical travel, liftmen claim, is the safest in the world. There's never a collision.

In Wood Street, in pre-blitz days, you could have seen one of the craziest lift inventions ever, a non-trap, non-stop lift. It consisted of an endless belt of doorless cages travelling at snail's pace.

You could just step into the lift that happened to be crawling past, and step out (with a little jump) at your proper floor.

Lord Louis Mountbatten has a luxury lift to take him non-stop from the ground floor of Brook House, Park Lane, to his penthouse on the roof.

Ever tried a hand-powered lift? They are raised and lowered by an endless rope running in pulleys, and still sometimes found in old-fashioned hotels. It was A. G. Otis who invented the first electric lift in New York, and now they're all over the world.

How would you like to run the average London Tube lift, 280 feet per minute, 1,000 passengers an hour, seven miles a day, 1,600 miles a year? Monotonous, so the liftmen are glad that the robots and the escalators are taking over.

It has been estimated that 2,500,000 people an hour could be carried on the escalators of Britain.

Reflection

FOR all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.

But the word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you.

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Families are Front Page News—and Back Page Pictures

IT'S Sunday again, and "Good Morning's" news-man is about to map out the day's stories, the first of which is for A.B. BERNARD WARWICK, of 8, Hargreaves Street, Thornton, near Blackpool.

Your father still has his old cherrywood, Bernard, and you'll see from the picture that he enjoys it as much as ever. Still, maybe that contented look was the result of a most appetising smell which came from the kitchen.

That was the joint sizzling away, as it always does on Sundays at No. 8.

Although Margaret wasn't home when we called, you'll be hearing from her. Your father said she sent a letter off the previous day, so keep a lookout, sailor.

Together with very best wishes from the family and everyone in the home-town, comes this message from Dad: "Hoping to see you home soon as it has been such a long time since you were last here. Best of luck, son, and—good hunting."

THE first person we met when we called at 20, Elizabeth Street, Blackpool, A.B. JACK WOODCOCK, was that live-wire son of yours, John. He was just off to the stables near Aunt's to see the donkeys, and my, was he in a hurry! Mary told us that "He's donkey mad—sleep with them if I'd let him." At any opportunity he's off to see them.

We had a very hard job to get him to have his picture taken, and in the end we told him that we wanted him to help us take a picture of Kim.

Well! it worked wonders, but we're afraid it cost Mrs. McVittie quite a lot of biscuits from her week's supply. But, as she said, "It's worth it for Jack," and nobody minded really.

Both your wife and John looked very well indeed Jack, as they had been down to the beach the day before "Good Morning" called and had got quite a tan.

They were waiting in great anticipation to hear your broadcast on the wireless, and got up specially early on Sunday mornings to listen.

Mary ends up this little "talk" by adding her special message: "All my love, darling. I am longing for the summer to end and to seeing you again."

OUT of the next lucky dip comes the name of A.B. VIC QUICK, 11, Vulcan Road, Barrow. Dad is drinking your health and sends his best wishes into the bargain.

Your mother is very well, as

you'll see from the picture, and is joined by everyone at home in looking forward to the day when you can all be together again and start from where you left off.

Incidentally, your mother was planning to spend her holidays with Audrey at Morecambe.

Dad says he'll leave it to your imagination as to how VE-Day was celebrated, but he does say that everything went off in great style, and his only regret was that you were not there to join in.

However, everyone hopes it won't be long now, and that you'll have good sailing, sailor.

THE next Sunday call "Good Morning" made was for STOKER ALBERT GIBBS, of 84, Linton Road, Bristol.

We bet you don't recognise your kid sister, Kathleen, now that she's getting to be a Glamour girl! From what your mother told us you'd better be looking around for a girl yourself if you want to keep up with your old pals. Seems they are all either married or about to be.

Or have you taken care of that? Maybe you're going to spring a surprise on them!

Your mother certainly makes a nice cup of tea, and we can imagine it will be some party when you come home for good. She says they're going to have a real V-Day then.

Talking of parties, the twins, Jean and John, were nine on April 3rd. They had fifteen friends to their birthday party and nine candles on the cake. John is making a model submarine at school as a present for you, too.

You may be surprised to know that Ivy's husband, Bill, is now in the Army and Ivy is intending to live with his people while he's away.

Your father, too, sends his love, and says he's still doing his bit, though he hopes the hours will get shorter soon.

All the papers showing VE-Day celebrations have been posted to you, so that you can see in pictures what sort of a time they all had.

A.B. BERT WRIGHT is next on the list of calls.

To get some news for you, together with a picture, Bert, we called at a place in the Strand and asked for Miss Swain.

Vilma came out and led us into her own private office where she has worked for some time now. As you will see, she is enjoying her various jobs very much, and it's pretty obvious, too, that her colleagues like having her there.

She did manage to tell us that she has sent you some more film books, and also, that she'd like to be remembered to your pal, Len, whom she met when you were both on leave last time.

She hopes you'll have some more leave in the near future and, meantime, asks you to take care of yourself now that you're better again, and to write as often as possible.

Vilma's special message to you is: "Come home safe and as soon as you can, Bert," and that wish comes also from all the folk at 36, Napier Road, Enfield, who are waiting to give you a grand welcome.

NOW for a word to P.O. TEL. HARRY JAMES, of Abbeyville, Blackpool.

Your wife and three of your children were in when we called at that little house at the end of Abbeyville. Unfortunately, only on the very morning of our visit, Phyl had put Barbara on the Liverpool train to see her Aunt Lily for a few days before she goes back to school.

The rest of the family were very thrilled to know that we were from the submarine paper



This is Miss E. Turner, and the lucky submariner who calls her Eunice is Stoker Pat Willetts.

which you have told them you had when you went shopping at Christmas time.

Barbara has just become the very proud possessor of a certificate of merit and a medal, for her Methodist Missionary Society collections, and she is very pleased with them.

Not to be outdone by his sister's success, Ken has taken the bull by the horns and has himself gone headlong into battle with his Scouting. As a result, he has found himself bedecked with no less than four badges, a feat to be truly proud of.

Phyllis celebrated her ninth birthday with the traditional party and gay festivities.

She had twelve of her little friends in to tea, but, as Phyl remarked to us on the Q.T., "Thank goodness it only happens once a year, I'd be quite deaf otherwise."

Phyl has been up to see your mother at Dickenson Road, and she found her looking very well indeed, and hoping to hear from you soon. Amy and Grandad are both well also, and they send their best wishes.

P.O. GEORGE CUBISS, of 11, West Way, Barrow - in - Furness, here's yours.

Those twins certainly are imps of mischief. They're a big handful for Vera, and she says that she'll be more than glad when you are back to help her look after them. Ken is in the best of health now, and you can see from the picture that the two of them don't seem to have anything wrong with them.

Vera would like you to know that Ken is talking quite a lot now and keeps the family amused for hours with his funny little sayings.

Pauline and Anna take the two boys out to play in the field, and the four of them have really fine tans as a result of being in the sunshine so much.

Everyone at home is in the best of health, including Frank, who, by the way, is quite a man about the house now; and Joan and Annie, who are still at the Ritz.

They all wish you the very best of luck and hope to see you walking up the garden path some day soon. When you do get home, Vera and the twins are looking forward very eagerly to a visit to London.

YOUR sisters weren't home when we called at 77, Western Avenue, Lower Edmonton, STO. PAT WILLETTTS, but your mother told us of the "rare old time" the three of your shipmates.

Both your sisters are looking forward to coming to Town with you again for this purpose and hope you'll make it this year.

Another member of the family who will be waiting to welcome you is Elaine who, at eighteen months, is a very pretty little girl. Sylvia and Alec took her to have a photograph taken a short while ago, but Elaine was shy and wouldn't co-operate very much.

However, you can see by the picture we used on this page that she was in much better humour when your mother told her it was for brother Pat.

We were lucky enough to find Eunice on holiday, and although she was spending part of it at 32, Bruce Grove, you can see from the picture that she looks very well in spite of this. Her only regret is that you are not home to share the holiday with her.

Miss Turner led us to Bruce Castle Park to have her photograph taken, and at the same time she told us about the money she had lost at the Fair in the Park.

She told us, too, that she likes going on the "Dodgem" cars, but thinks there is more fun in being bumped and twirled round than in being expertly driven. You might hear that in mind Pat!

To end with, Eunice says you should hurry up home so that you can get to know each other better, and joins all the folk at 32, Bruce Grove, and 77, Western Avenue in wishing you the very best of luck always.

THE last story, but not least, is for A.B. TOM PEGLAR, of 30, St. Luke's Street, Barrow.

Here goes, Tom. Your wife's brother, Jack, was fortunate enough to be home for VE-Day, and he, Winnie and Baby Alan all came to No. 30 to do a spot of celebrating. A jolly good time was had by all, and the only thing that marred the gaiety was your absence.

Still, everyone drank your health, and all the family send best wishes for your speedy and safe return home. Marie still keeps to the old saying "Here's mud in your eye," although she did say something about a different version of it. Does that mean anything to you?

Anyway, till you get back, your wife sends this message: "All my love, Tom, and best of luck to you and all the rest of your shipmates."



Here is Elaine Willetts with her mother, and now you see what is meant by the expression, "pretty as a picture."

They Buy Lives by Lots

Writes R. de Witt

EVERY month a number of men from all over Britain assemble in London to buy "lives."

The lives are represented by insurance policies, and they are sold by auction to the highest bidder, just like a house or a piece of furniture.

An insurance policy payable at death or after a fixed number of years has, of course, a "surrender value" which the company will pay the owner if he wishes to give up the policy before it matures. A £750 policy payable at death or in 1961, for instance, might have a surrender value now of £350.

But some owners of policies have found that they can secure more by selling them by auction to men who keep them going, waiting for their profit.

This little-known form of business which has continued for many years suddenly came into the limelight recently when an income-tax case in the High Court revealed that an ex-colonel, whose hobby is mathematics, had developed the buying and "cashing" of insurance policies to the point where he was able to enjoy a tax-free income of £7,000 a year.

To get this as a salaried person, he would have had to earn £130,000 a year with income-tax at its present level.

CASH IN HAND.

Profits from the payments received when insurance policies mature are regarded as "capital" and are not therefore subject to income-tax. When eight years ago the ex-colonel was left £150,000, he decided that

gains, for the surrender value of her policy was only about £450, and she makes £100 she would not have had if she had "surrendered" it through the usual channels.

There are only a few score specialists who buy policies in this way. They need to be specialists, or they would burn their fingers badly. Although it looks like a "gamble," it is really no more a gamble than taking out an insurance—things even up over a number of lives.

But it takes considerable skill to calculate just what is the value of the life of a lady with a policy for £1,000, aged 65.

The auctions are generally attended by only about a dozen bidders. Recently, because of high taxation, bidding has been very keen, and the possible margin of profit on the prices paid very small.

GOING BY LOT.

Catalogues are issued for these sales in which the "lots" are described. A typical entry might be: "Lot 1: A Policy of Assurance for £1,000 (with profits), effected in January, 1914, on the Life of a Gentleman, aged 65. Annual premium, £30, payable quarterly. Surrender value, £500."

The auctioneer, sitting at his lectern with a small black hammer, asks for offers for this "life." The bids come—£475, £490, £520, £530. Perhaps at this stage the bidding falters and the auctioneer points out the excellence of the investment. The gentleman might already be considered elderly, and the policy looks like an excellent prospect.



This view of Reigate Heath is typical of the country through which the pilgrims passed on their 120-mile walk to Canterbury.

On the Pilgrim's Way

WHEN I was a boy I spent many school holidays with my grandparents at Reigate, in Surrey. Closely woven into memories of those days is the sight of a chalk track.

Sometimes I saw it as a milky line falling from the slope of the hills above the town: often it lay before my feet, as I walked: sometimes it lay below me, stretching into the green distance of the curving Downs, as I stood on the uppermost heights of those hills.

I did not know, then, that the chalk track along the side of Reigate Hill was a short section of what is almost certainly the most ancient track in Britain. It dates further back than the beginnings of history in these islands.

Along it trudged men who worshipped the Sun God at Stonehenge. Phoenicians, who sailed the perilous seas as pioneers of the world's merchant vessels, walked it as peddlers of strange, beautiful things. Along it marched Caesar's legions: and in that later invasion, William the Conqueror's merciless soldiery passed along it in their campaign to clear up pockets of resistance.

But perhaps its most consistent and romantic wayfarers were the pilgrims, who travelled its 120 miles, mostly along the southern slope of the hills, from Winchester

to the shrine of Thomas a Beckett. The Way stands as a perpetual cross-section of History; or, at least, parts of it do.

Through the centuries it has suffered many adventures. In and often with almost impetuous places, it forms part of modern main roads. In others, it is a secondary road.

It becomes a stony by-lane, a footpath, a grassy track, a groove

was first formed by the feet of men desiring to make their way across parts of the counties of Hampshire, Surrey and Kent, by the easiest and safest route.

In the valleys, thickly wooded, and often with almost impenetrable undergrowth, lurked the dangers they feared: wild beasts, fever, the gods of darkness, human enemies.

On the hills their way was

up to the hills and set their feet on the ancient way along the chalk.

You can imagine them. They included all types of men, and no doubt they wore various dress—though most of them would have a broad hat, a grey or black cloak—and each would carry a long staff which would serve many purposes.

But they shared one thing in common—determination to reach that goal at the other end of the hills. They had to be sturdy walkers—and even now, with the taming of the countryside, you would find as much climbing and robust foot-work as you would want, were you to make the journey.

Maybe one day you will have the chance to do it—and it will be worth while, even if you have but a week-end, or even a day, to follow a short section of the Pilgrim's Way.

In the meantime, I propose to trace it for you from end to end, pointing out things worth pausing for, discovering ancient inns, drawing your attention to some special view, and mentioning a few of the more interesting associations connected with places on, or near, the route.

May it encourage you to make the trek!

D. N. K. BAGNALL
takes you in the steps of the romantic wayfarers who journeyed from Winchester along the Downs to pay homage at the shrine of Thomas a Beckett at Canterbury

hardly seen along the edge of a usually open. They had time to ploughed field or over a meadow, avoid, or prepare against chance. And in some places it has completely disappeared, and you can only guess at its course by taking the going was without hindrance: a map and joining up the last solid.

When the pilgrims of the thirteenth century came to make their journey from the then capital of England, Winchester, to the saint's tomb at Canterbury, many of these considerations still prevailed.

So it was in parties, in twos or threes, or singly, they climbed

PERILS IN WAIT.

It is probable that the old road

A la Carte in Birdland By Fred Kitchen

THERE is a belief amongst countrymen that an abundance of hips and haws foretells a hard winter.

Whether this be so or not, the fact remains that the little hard berries of the hawthorn and the scarlet hips of the wild rose are the mainstay of bird-life during the winter.

So the countryman—putting two and two together—may be justified in crediting Dame Nature with giving an abundance of hips and haws along with a hard winter.

These berries are bitter to the taste in autumn—not ripening till much later on in the season—so the birds let them alone at present and gorge their appetites on the soft fruit that has ripened so plentifully in the woods and hedges.

It seems strange that the little animals of the wood which sleep through most of the winter should take the precaution of storing up supplies for future use, while the birds—which remain very much awake—make no such provision.

But they do the next best thing. They eat and eat—gorging is the only word for

it—until they become plump with good living, collecting a reserve of energy to carry them through the lean times ahead.

An elder-bush in the stack-yard, which has never been lopped or trimmed for years, was, until a week ago, purpled over with berries.

This is the special haunt of sparrows and starlings, who just "gape and swallow" the little berries until their tummies become surfeited with fruit.

The starling in particular—whose digestive organs don't seem so capable of standing the racket as do the hardy little sparrow's—will occasionally fly down to disgorge his overloaded craw on the grass, and immediately fly back again to gorge anew.

The same busy feasting is going on wherever an elder or blackberry bush offers an invitation in the hedgerows.

Scores upon scores of birds are imbued with the one aim—to eat and eat while the chance offers.

Linnets and finches get busy, too, and wherever a thistle, burdock or hemlock rears its



head in the hedgerow—they will be there to taste the seed.

The thrush family is too sedate to be seen in the low company of sparrows and starlings, and favours the red, globular fruit of the yew along the wood drive, or in the churchyard.

That goes especially for the missel-thrush or stormcock. He, though not a noisy feeder like the sparrow, raises a very storm of protest if anyone disturbs his fasting.

And what about friend rook?

His particular preserve is the walnut tree, for only he among birds dare tackle the bitter green rind of a walnut.

He flies away with a nut—which looks like a knob on the end of his beak—to crack it open in the grass field.

But one and all, when the snow comes—and neither worm nor insect can be found in the frozen earth—will feast with relish on the ripened hips and haws, and the holly berries, which Nature holds in reserve for the occasion.



Scanning policies at a London auction.

with scientific investment in insurance policies purchased from others, he could get £7,000 a year, whereas ordinary investment would leave him a trifling income after tax had been paid.

He bought policies skilfully so that some matured every year and the profit on them gave him an income that was really capital appreciation and therefore could not be taxed.

Many others with money to invest and no immediate need of income have found this profitable. How it works is something like this. A man buys the "life of a lady" (as it is described in the auction catalogue) for, say, £550. The "life" is really a policy of assurance for £1,000, with an annual premium of, say, £30. The lady is 65.

If she dies shortly, the purchaser will make a nice profit on his investment of £550.

If she lives to a good old age, he will have to continue paying the premiums. The "chances" are, of course, worked out from actuarial tables, and on an average the profit doesn't work out at much more than 3 or 4 per cent. a year, the attraction being that it is tax-free.

At the same time the "lady"

A last bid of perhaps £540, and the life of the Gentleman is disposed of.

The whole is quite unexciting and conducted with dignity. You would hardly imagine that these men are dealing in the prospects of others living and dying.

Naturally, it is the older "lives" that excite the keenest bidding. The life of a lady aged up to 30 is not considered good "prospect." The purchaser will obviously, barring accidents, have to wait a long time for his money and have to pay substantial sums in premiums to keep the policy going.

To a great degree the prices are also affected by the "bonus" record of the company with which the insurance has been taken out.

The courts decided that the profits on these deals, even when a man made them regularly, were no more income than the profits on the buying and selling of stocks and shares.

There is obviously a limit to the amount of business that can be done in this way, and if many people entered the field prices would probably rise to a point very profitable for the sellers of insurance policies, but leaving no margin for the buyers.

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

As a sign of joy at the liberation of their country by the Allies, a number of French cities over-printed stamps issued by the Vichy Government with the Cross of Lorraine and a variety of surcharges, reports Mr. B. S. Townroe, Director of the Franco-British Society.

At Lyons, Bordeaux, Lille, and a score of other towns, last summer, the Directors of the local Post Office were invited by the Regional Commissioners to over-print selected stamps with a surcharge which would commemorate the re-establishment of the Republic and the setting up of the Government of Liberation under General de Gaulle.



These Commissioners had full Government authority to take this decision, and philatelists in France have been advised that they can accept such stamps as official.

Whether stamps surcharged in a number of smaller towns on the instructions of minor officials, not so qualified, especially those issued in towns on the south of the Loire, will be accepted as official or not, is another question. It will, in fact, require very close study of the hundreds of varieties to decide which are official or which solely possess a local interest.

The French Government has, however, issued a statement. This responds to a request made both by the non-technical French Press and also by many French philatelists. It states that after examination of the conditions under which the surcharged stamps were issued and put on sale at post offices, it has been possible to decide on an official list.

Other stamps not included in this list must be considered, according to the official notice, as having been surcharged or sold without the proper authority of the Minister of Posts.

It is possible, of course, that in the future the existing lists will be supplemented by further lists, for in the present state of France, with transport badly dislocated and communications extremely difficult owing to lack of rolling stock and road traffic, it is impossible to state with any certainty what stamps have been surcharged in every district of France.



Faced with the menace of inflation, many Frenchmen are buying stamps to-day in Paris and elsewhere and paying what seem to be ridiculous prices.

So great is the demand that at Casablanca, in Morocco, rationing has been applied to the sale of air stamps of 100 frs. Only one each is sold at a time, and then only to a purchaser who presents his ration card.

Among the cities and towns which surcharged stamps that have since been officially recognised are the following: Lyons, Bordeaux, Lille, Cherbourg, Decazeville, Pons, Tours, Loches, Châlons-sur-Marne, Chambéry, Poitiers, and Châtelleraul.

It is, however, only too clear that millions of surcharged stamps of various kinds must now be in circulation in France. No doubt in due course, when communications become more normal, and the present import restrictions are relaxed, we shall have the opportunity of seeing many of these stamps for ourselves in this country.



Whatever may prove to be their real value, and even if it will be difficult to discriminate between the official surcharges and forgeries, without doubt these stamps will be an extremely interesting historical record of the liberation of the greater part of France by the Allies in the summer of 1944.

Illustrated this week are the Jersey pictorial stamps issued during the German occupation. The set is obsolete, since supplies in the island ran out as far back as November last. Letters were then taken to the post office to be machine-franked "postage paid." The island now uses the current G.B. King George VI.

Good Morning



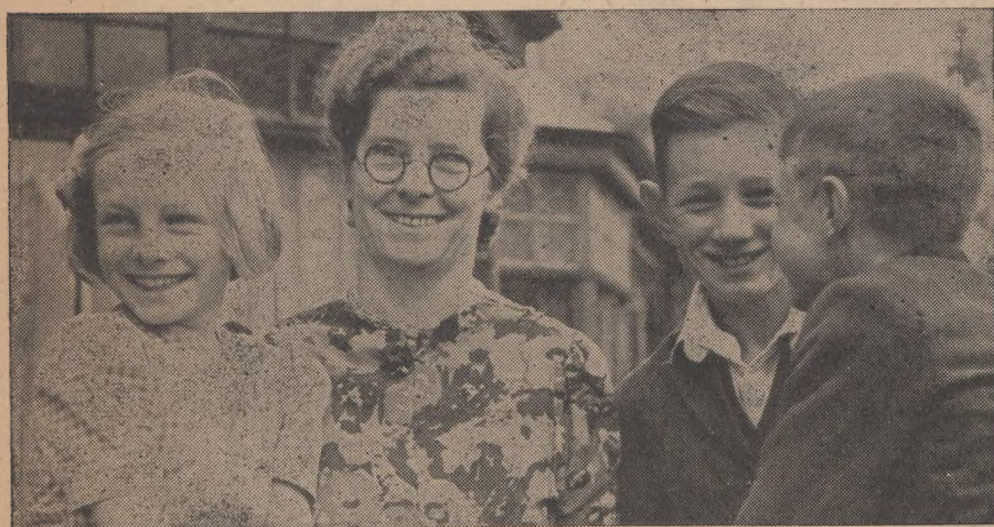
Your Dad sends you this message — between puffs at his pipe — A.B. Bernard Warwick, "Be sharp and come home, son, then, maybe, Margaret will stay in a little more, and between us we'll be able to fatten her up."



★ Young John took a few minutes off from his beloved donkeys to pose for this picture for you, A.B. Jack Woodcock. His mother says he would sleep with them — if she didn't keep her eye on him!



Pin-up for you, Stoker Albert Gibbs. Did you recognise your kid sister, Albert? She is getting quite a Glamour-girl, your Mother says. Seems, too, all your pals are getting spliced — or about to be.



Sorry we missed young Barbara when we called at Abbeyville, P.O. Telegraphist Harry James. But we got a nice picture of your wife and the other three nippers, don't you think? We're sorry that Geoff had an attack of "commoitis," but perhaps this is the way you recognise the young shaver best!



Do you recognise this picture of your father, A.B. Vic Quick? He thought you would! S'matter of fact, he's drinking your health. Your Mother, up there in the corner, joins him in wishing that you'll soon be home again. And what a celebration you'll have then!



"Hullo, Twins," is the call for P.O. George Cubiss — and here they are, George, oranges and all! They both look like a mighty fine body of men, we think, and we expect you will think so, too. It's certain your wife does — and she should know, we guess.



Here's the girl you want to see, eh, A.B. Bert Wright? We finally tracked her down to her grand office in the Strand — and she certainly appears to be enjoying herself!



★ "Here's mud in your eye," is what your wife still says, when she thinks a silent toast to you, A.B. Tom Peglar. Or your own private version of it — maybe.